

# Blues Traveler, You Can't Stop Thinking About Me

The kiddie ride just keeps turning round and round  
At first never failing to amuse  
We grow tired and dismount

Houses made of cards leave no debris when burning to the ground  
But alas people leave slews of residues  
Too residual to count

And there's no known preparation for this kind of a thing  
And it don't much matter what kind of game you bring  
You can take excursions around the world  
From the mountains to the sea  
You're coming back to the same dilemma  
You can't stop thinking about me

When you wake in the morning for a second you'll wonder if I'm there  
Issue your final warning by noon  
Reassert that you don't care

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Don't think I don't believe you for I know that feeling all too well  
But sometimes in our best desires come secrets  
We may never tell

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Go ahead and try